

From the Washington Union.  
OLD WHITEY.  
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"  
Richard III.  
"And the war-horse he crieth hay! hay! and paweth up the ground."—Dickens Baylton's new reading of Job.  
Mr. Speaker, Hans Van Splitter Splotter was legislator to organize the militia. Does he better? Well, I think he trumps and trumps better to be a horse. I shall vote against the peltows mules."—Harrisburg Debate.  
The arrival at the capital of the first nominee of the whig convention held last July at the Philadelphia slaughter-house, for the high office of Vice President of the United States, in the shape of the old battle charger of the late General Taylor, is an event not to be sneezed at by the American people. The Roman Emperor, when he made his horse a consul, had a just appreciation of his subjects; and the cabinet of the Second Washington, in bringing Old Whitey on to the seat of government, for a special consultation, bestows a tribute to the character of the horse, and the capacity of his two-legged associates. We understand that at a cabinet meeting, a short time since, the Postmaster General in the chair, the Second Washington asked permission to visit his Louisiana plantation, to see Old Whitey and count his slaves; but was denied by those who have him in charge, upon the ground, that if he stopped at Kentucky, he and Mr. Crittenden might recognize the cabinet, and thus, to use the classic language of the immortal Shakespeare, "play the devil with their mother's monkeys." As a monarch could not go to the mountain, the mountain therefore came to Malomet, and all was well.  
As in the vision of mystic prophet of Patnos, Death and the pale horse have come upon us together—to wit, the death, political and official, of over one hundred democratic clerks, and the aforesaid white battle charger, with his fetlocks red with Mexican blood, shed in Mr. Ashmun's unrighteous war. This Old Whitey, in our opinion, has the right to Washington to infuse some strength into his present rickety cabinet, without waiting for the arrival of the governor of Kentucky; and as the gallant animal can draw drafts, "stand to the rack, fodder or no fodder," and negative with tremendous neighs the votes of the Home Department, we presume the treasury would be the most appropriate sphere for him, that building resembling the royal stable at Kew more closely than any other public building in the land, and having a back door through which he could trot into his green pasture. "Circumstances," as Mr. Partington quaintly remarks, "really to pucker together at this nip, to place the remarkable beast on a stable footing in the treasury."  
The ancient Persian legend of a horse named under the appellation of a Centaur. We have no doubt but that the horse is one of the noblest animals of creation. Adam, it is true, did not ride; neither did the shepherds of old; but there was a famous trooper, "Dan," who sprang from the loins of Israel, and rode rub rub to Beersheba—that is, to Mrs. Sheba's beer-house. This Dan is supposed to have been the remote ancestor of the Godlike Daniel, who was a *reaver*, and who brought up his children to be exceedingly partial to fish and other wild game. The present generation, however, have ridden lacerback so much, that they now confine themselves to hackney coaches, and such plebeian conveyances, and the present generation of the present green dynasty is enough to make a cat laugh her jaws off. Such selections, and for such reasons: Abbott Lawrence is sent to England (so says a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette) that Mrs. Lawrence may wear at court a shawl worth more than forty shillings; and that he may see American gentlemen who come to see him, at his own expense.  
In the old "heroic age," when Benjamin Franklin represented the land of Washington and freedom at the court of France in a drab-colored dress, with blue woollen stockings and pewter shoe-buckles, nobly asked him what he paid for his breeches, or whether he had seen even, for Franklin had a soul to make itself respected by the lightning of heaven, and a name to live as long as the reverberations of thunder.  
It is, however, to be expected that courtiers and courtesans will be picking the jackdaws dressed in magpie plumes, and will sooner or later lay the skull of *nothing* open, as one would a rotten egg—each in a lackey's coat, or one similar in construction—each in tight breeches, with swords and cocked hats; feathered round the edges with white down; and as they looked at each other, the tears of mirth ran down their majestic and extremely open countenances. At length an usher, with a white rod, advanced, and beckoned the duo into the presence of the sovereign. The constitutional confederate made a straight lunge, and with his sword between his legs, paid a salute to her Majesty with the handle, which caused much innocent mirth to spread over the painted faces of the female crowd around; while my Dutch friend got his sword tangled in the farthingale of a fat dowager of German extraction, and got off the ground, and was rescued by an apology in the language of the Netherlands. No! let our minister go to court at Franklin did, and our minister's wife and daughter appear at the levee as the daughter of Mr. McLane appeared at the Court of St. James—wearing the wild flowers of her native country in her hair. We have nothing to do with the Queen and her ladies of the three Waterfords, the Count d'Orsay's and the Lady Blessington of the Old World; we desire to feed England, smoke England, chew England, humbug England, and visit England, as one Yankee would visit another; and when we do arrive at St. James', or any other court, we want the Queen and her ladies of court and courtiers to look at us as a Georgia landlady looks at a Connecticut inn pedlar—with fear and trembling.  
The old White Horse is sent for, to drag the verdant administration of the Second Washington from the slough of Despond and the miry Clay. Mounted upon the old charger, the executive may collect in his apartment of warm and devoted followers provided he turns out his cabinet and sends his enemies a-packing. He has not appointed here three true friends, as we believe. Oh! the death of the human heart. But riding the Pale Horse cannot make the Old Man anything but a representation of *Death* to the wretches and children of the unfortunate old man, who have been removed from the cabinet for opinion's sake, and who are turned out upon the world's waste common to perish. We believe the day will soon come when the horse and his rider would be very glad to change places—when the American people, aroused to the true position of the government, will speak in a voice of earthquakes that will drown thunder as easy as Niagara would swallow a feather.  
We presume the horse is sent for, to be used on the 4th of July—on the day set apart by the Washington Monument Committee to raise the wind to build up their *cheesehead*-looking obelisk to the height of ruined Babel by the willows of the western pond.  
Eliza, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Eliza rests—if it rests anywhere in the circle of our acquaintance—may get the old gentleman out in the uniform of the First Washington; but if he does, we can tell him

that he will have to take two reefs in each leg of the small clothes, and make an apple of the coat tails, besides turning under the bottom of that brimstone-colored jacket eight or ten inches more, or it will fit him like a purple shirt fits a handspike, and give him a very shabby appearance, more especially if he wears the green shoes which the Intelligencer so kindly manufactured for him some weeks since out of a passage from Shakespeare.  
We have been informed that the reason why the Second Washington people do not read the Union, because the First Washington never read that paper—it being the determination of our constitutional President, in spite of all opposition, to do and die like the First Washington, and live in a green remembrance as the author and finisher of the second.  
"HEROIC AGE."  
THE REPUBLIC OF SIERRA MADRE.  
We have been obligingly furnished with the following document for publication. We learn from the gentleman by whom it was transmitted that Dr. MILLET, one of the leaders in this movement, formerly belonging to the 10th Infantry, has been arrested, and is now in the hands of the authorities, and the affair, so far, is a failure.—*Charleston Mer.*  
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.  
The unanimous Declaration of the seven Northern States of the Sierra Madre of Mexico.  
When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them to another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature, and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.  
The history of the past and present Government of Mexico is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.  
First—Tired of political changes, which have been heretofore nothing but the continuance of oppression, wielded by never hands. We declare ourselves free.  
Second—Tired of Revenues which have been exacted only to perpetuate the power of the usurper of the people's liberties. We declare ourselves free.  
Third—Tired of armies which have been collected only to oppress and exhaust the industry of all but its oppressors. We declare ourselves free.  
Fourth—Tired, that our loved Religion, under the constant threat of the bayonet, should be trampled in its power of benevolence and public instruction. We declare ourselves free.  
Fifth—Tired, that the people in the midst of their spacious lands should be denied the right of individual possession. We declare ourselves free.  
Sixth—Tired of the promises which have been made to our children, (who with anxious countenances, look in vain to their rulers) for the right of instruction. We declare ourselves free.  
Seventh—Tired that our aged sires and matrons should be permitted to sink gradually to the earth, in common with the brute, unprovided and uncared for. We declare ourselves free.  
Eighth—Tired, that stint and nakedness should stride over the land, while the usurpers are arrayed in purple and gold. We declare ourselves free.  
Ninth—Tired of the National Declaration that Slavery shall not exist in our Land, when Peonage, a system hideous and cruel, exists unrestricted and unnoticed. We declare ourselves free.  
We, therefore, the people of the Northern States of the Sierra Madre of Mexico, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the justice of our intentions, do now solemnly publish and declare, "That these United States are Free and Independent!" That they are absolved from all allegiance to the Mexican Government, and that all political connection between them and it has ceased—is, and must be, totally dissolved—and that as free and independent States, they have the right to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we, the People, mutually pledge, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred Honor.  
Swords are drawn—Swordbards are cast aside.  
NOW! DEATH TO TYRANTS!!!  
Matamoros, Mexico, June 16, 1849.  
From the National Intelligencer.  
AN INTERESTING SCRAP OF HISTORY.  
WASHINGTON, June 11, 1849.  
Messrs. Gales & Seaton—Dear Sirs: I noticed in the Intelligencer of June 9, an article from the Savannah Republican on the astonishing growth of the city of Cincinnati, which suggested to me the propriety of offering you the following "tale," which I copied some three years since from the files of the "Kentucky Gazette," the first newspaper which was published west of the Alleghenies, edited by the venerable John Bradford, of Lexington. It may be interesting to your readers, more especially to the patrons of the Intelligencer who now reside in the "Great Western City" of the west. Respectfully yours,  
W. P. WOOLLEY.  
Copy of advertisement dated September 6, 1788.  
"Notice—The subscribers, being proprietors of a tract of land opposite the mouth of the Licking river, on the northwest side of the said river, and to lay off a town upon that excellent situation. The local and natural advantages speak its future prosperity, being equal, if not superior, to any on the bank of the Ohio between the Miamis. The lots to be each half an acre, the out-lots four acres, thirty of each to be given to settlers upon paying one dollar and fifty cents for the survey and deed of each lot. The 15th day of September is appointed for a large company to meet in Lexington and mark a road from there to the mouth of Licking, provided Judge Symmes arrives, being daily expected.—When the town is laid off lots will be given to such as may become residents before the 1st day of April next."  
"MATTHEW DUNHAM,  
"MATTHEW PATTERSON,  
"JOHN FILSON.  
"Lexington, Ky., September 6, 1788."  
Expensive Hair Cutting.—From a letter from the Panama, we learn that on her way to the gold country, we learn that in the absence of a professional barber, one of the passengers cut the hair of another for which he brought in a bill of \$9.50. Suit was brought in the court above referred to, to recover the amount of said bill. They had several able lawyers on both sides who conducted the case. Mr. M. Smith, of Panama, was the chief counsel for Mr. McAllister, our purchaser, associate judge, Chas. Elliott, Esq., sheriff, Mr. Judah and Mr. McAllister were counsel for plaintiff, and Mr. Hyer and Mr. Livingston for defendant. The defendant's counsel demanded a "bill of particulars," which was furnished. The following are a few of the items: "The hair cut, \$2.50; combing the same, 25 cents; cutting the whiskers, 50 cents; trimming moustache, \$1; attempting to curl same, 50 cents; time employed, 90 minutes; at 3 cents per minute, \$2.75; use of comb and brush, 25 cents; cleaning same, 25 cents; extra charge on account of sanguinary color affecting the nerves, \$1."  
Widows of the Ex-Presidents.—It is a remarkable circumstance, and worthy of notice and record, that there are now living four widows of Ex-Presidents—the Widow of John Adams, the Widow of Thomas Jefferson, the Widow of James Madison, and the Widow of James Monroe. The Widow of John Adams, who was born in 1755, is now 81 years of age. The Widow of Thomas Jefferson, who was born in 1757, is now 83 years of age. The Widow of James Madison, who was born in 1751, is now 85 years of age. The Widow of James Monroe, who was born in 1758, is now 88 years of age. All of them have adorned the Presidential Mansion with a courtesy, dignity and affability, which will long be remembered by those who have visited it.

LETTER FROM HIRAM POWERS.  
AN ARTISTICAL JOKE.—The following humorous and capital letter, from our distinguished artist-countryman in Italy explains itself. The man who reads it without a laugh, is more stoical than we are—that is certain.  
FLORENCE, March 27, 1849.  
TO PENTON S. SYMMES, Esq.—My Dear Sir:—In a letter from Mr. Kellogg, I am requested to state the facts as to an alleged imposition on you by Mr. Henderson, the actor. It has been said in some of our papers, that you were of the number upon whom Mr. H. imposed himself as a wax figure, in the Western Museum, some fifteen or twenty years ago, and my name has been given as authority for the truth of the story. It is natural that you should disbelieve such an imputation, and as the story, so far as you are concerned in it, is untrue, it is but just that you should desire this refutation. I am glad to see the story told, that Mr. Henderson had designs upon several of our most respectable citizens, yourself of the number, but these designs were never executed, excepting upon half a dozen or more persons residing in the immediate vicinity of the museum. This was done in order to satisfy me that the thing was practicable; for Mr. Henderson hoped to prevail upon me to allow him the use of one of the large glass enclosures in the museum for his experiments upon a larger scale. He succeeded perfectly well in duping the half dozen individuals above alluded to, but I withheld my consent to any further proceedings, and so the matter ended. I allow him the use of a small room for performing the experiment—for I thought he would fail, and that I should get rid of his request for the use of a case in the museum, without having to deny him a favor.  
When Henderson had prepared himself, one of his acquaintances invited him to the room to see an unfinished representation of "Henderson, the actor, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe." On entering, the figure was standing in the corner of the room, with the head leaning against an old oak, folded in such a manner as to afford a back ground for the portrait, and the figure might lead to detection. I allow him the use of a small room for performing the experiment—for I thought he would fail, and that I should get rid of his request for the use of a case in the museum, without having to deny him a favor.  
The Goldsboro' Patriot learns "from a private source," that the Whigs of the Eighth District, alarmed for Mr. Stanley, have called the Hon. Richard S. Donnell into the field, and assigned to him "special care" the lower Counties, while Mr. Stanley takes a different route. Will some of our Democratic friends, while Mr. Donnell is on his circuit, put him also on his trial, and ascertain whether he is sound on the Slavery question? Did he not vote, with Stevens and others, to defeat Mr. Clayton's Compromise? And he not with Mr. Butler, in the Senate, on the Proviso question? A pretty teacher, truly, for the Slaveholders of the Eighth District!  
Raleigh Standard.  
Recognition of the Hungarian Republic by the U. S. Government.—It was mentioned a few days since that Mr. L. B. Breisch had petitioned the U. S. Government to recognize the Republic of Hungary by the appointment of a diplomatic agent thereto. The New York Journal of Commerce states that Mr. Breisch has received an answer to his application, and, as it seems, a satisfactory one.—*Balt. Sun.*  
Coleridge, Cholera and Cause of the Disease.—The following is an extract from a letter from a Louisiana planter, who is also an eminent physician:  
"I think it probable that the cholera has destroyed a full tenth of the slaves of Louisiana. My children have lost fifteen, whilst I have lost but one old man. It attacked them first, which put me on the alert to guard mine by preparing them for the attack. This I did by giving each of them from five to ten grains of morphia at night. The discharge of dark bile the next morning was incredibly large. The old man alluded to was the only grown person who did not take the medicine; and I can affirm with confidence that no one who took this preparatory course was lost among my children's slaves. It is my opinion that no person will take cholera whose liver is in healthy action. It is evidently an atmospheric disease, often assuming the character of an epidemic, from the local causes, which favor its deleterious quality, or render its subjects more susceptible to its influence."  
Husband and Wife.—The mutual duty of husband and wife is love: wherein the society, sweetness, and felicity of marriage consist. In this is included the bearing with the infirmities of one another. This always prevents fierce passions, the causes of strife, and makes the union happy both to the husband and wife. The affection is mutually distinguished. The love of the husband is counseling and comforting, providing and protecting; the love of the wife is obeying and assisting. Her superiority and her subjection must be sweetened with love. The husband must not be bitter; nor the wife sour. The husband must love the wife as the soul does the body, with wisdom and tenderness. There is a servile subjection, full of freedom, from love; and this is of wives to husbands. The wife, though inferior, is a fellow ruler with her husband and servants. She is subject as his vicegerent, always preserving love and reverence to him, and obeying him with cheerfulness and obedience in actions. She is his deputy to dispose things for his credit and profit. Prudence is requisite in both, that they may deposit their cares in each other's bosoms, and trust their secret thoughts as securely as in their own hearts. The principal duty of husband and wife is a tender love, and the good of each other's souls. The husband should lead her in the way to eternal life, by his counsel and example, and the wife, by her humble and holy conversation, recommend religion to his mind and affection.  
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COUNTY CANDIDATES.  
We are authorized to announce Gen. L. H. MARTELLER, as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of New-Hanover county.  
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S. R. BUNTING.  
Long Creek, July 2nd, 1849.—[43c.]  
MOORE'S CREEK, July 2nd, 1849.  
Mr. FULTON—Sir:—You will please announce me in your paper as a candidate for the office of County Clerk at the ensuing election, and that I will meet my fellow-citizens at the different precincts, before the election.  
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MARRIED.  
In Philadelphia, on the 21st ult., by Rev. Mr. Frank, Mr. S. S. Taylor, of Wilmington, N. C., to Miss Rebecca Hecht, of Philadelphia.  
In Clinton, Sampson county, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. M. C. Corcoran, Mr. Wm. F. Berry, of Wilmington, to Miss Almira G. McKim, eldest daughter of Doct. Wm. McKim, of that county.  
In Osceola county, by the Rev. W. D. Sparkman, to Mrs. Zilpha Ennett, all of Osceola county.  
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In Baltimore, on the 5th inst., Mr. Richard W. Kennedy, of Wilmington, to Miss Ellen Jane Porter, of Baltimore.  
In New York, on the 4th instant, by Rev. Mr. Marbacher, Mr. S. Hoffman, of this place, to Miss Sophia Beyer, of New York.

JOHN L. HOLMES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Will practice in the Counties of Sampson, Duplin and Brunswick.  
July 18, 1849.—[44c.]  
No Tidings of Sir John Franklin.—Letters have been received at Montreal, from the Hudson's Bay Territory, by way of St. Louis, Marie, bringing intelligence from Fort Simpson, dated the 4th October last. The writer of a letter from that post says:  
"Eighteen men of the expedition arrived here yesterday from Fort Confidence, sent to be kept during the winter. They went round from the mouth of the McKenzie to the Copper mine, but no vestige or word of Sir John Franklin, or any one else except Esquimaux, whom they saw in large numbers. A very large party of those daring rascals met the expedition at the mouth of the McKenzie, and as on a former occasion, wanted to make a prize of the boats and all that was in them. But nothing serious happened. Sir John Richardson is to proceed to Canada as soon as the McKenzie breaks up next Spring. Rascals are going with one boat against the coast."  
Mr. Calhoun's Address.—The last Pendleton Messenger says:—"We are prevented by circumstances beyond our control, from publishing this address this week. It will appear in our issue of the 10th inst. It is a triumphant vindication of himself from the charges made against him by Col. Benton, and as a complete exposure of the base motives which actuated Col. Benton in first deserting and then maligning his own section of the Union."  
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WILMINGTON MARKET.  
WHOLESALE PRICES.  
BACON—Per pound. 8 1/2 a 9 1/2  
Hams. 7 1/2 a 8 1/2  
Shoulders. 7 1/2 a 8 1/2  
Lard. 7 1/2 a 8 1/2  
Butter. 15 a 16  
Eggs. 12 a 14  
CORN—Per bushel. 45 a 50  
WHEAT—Per bushel. 60 a 70  
RICE—Per cask. 100 a 120  
SUGAR—Per cask. 100 a 120  
COFFEE—Per cask. 100 a 120  
COTTON—Per cask. 100 a 120  
CATTLE—Per head. 100 a 120  
SHEEP—Per head. 100 a 120  
PORK—Per cask. 100 a 120  
LARD—Per cask. 100 a 120  
BUTTER—Per cask. 100 a 120  
EGGS—Per cask. 100 a 120  
CORN—Per bushel. 45 a 50  
WHEAT—Per bushel. 60 a 70  
RICE—Per cask. 100 a 120  
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PORK—Per cask. 100 a 120  
LARD—Per cask. 100 a 120  
BUTTER—Per cask. 100 a 120  
EGGS—Per cask. 100 a 120  
CORN—Per bushel. 45 a 50  
WHEAT—Per bushel. 60 a 70  
RICE—Per cask. 100 a 120  
SUGAR—Per cask. 100 a 120  
COFFEE—Per cask. 100 a 120  
COTTON—Per cask. 100 a 120  
CATTLE—Per head. 100 a 120  
SHEEP—Per head. 100 a 120  
PORK—Per cask. 100 a 120  
LARD—Per cask. 100 a 120  
BUTTER—Per cask. 100 a 120  
EGGS—Per cask. 100 a 120  
CORN—Per bushel. 45 a 50  
WHEAT—Per bushel. 60 a 70  
RICE—Per cask. 100 a 120  
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SHEEP—Per head. 100 a 120  
PORK—Per cask. 100 a 120  
LARD—Per cask. 100 a 120  
BUTTER—Per cask. 100 a 120  
EGGS—Per cask. 100 a 120  
CORN—Per bush